

A Dialogue between *JACK KETCH* and his Journey-Man; Concerning their Profession and present **Affair** in the world.

*They are affraid they cannot send so many to Heaven, as Baxter, Lobb, and Bull,
has sent to HELL.*



JACK.

Come prithee *Nick*,
Look sharp, be quick,
for now begins our Harvest;
Throw by thy Coat,
Thou'lt have a Cloak,
for *Charles* is now in earnest:
His Friends no more shall hang like dogs
to please a bloody Faction;
Our damn'd *Phanatick* Plotting Rogues,
shall breed no more distraction.

NICK.

Then use your Art,
And play your part,
and leave your course of Whoring;
Of Axe and Ropes,
Clear all the Shops,
be stocked without scoring:
You must not use three blows at one,
now Trading comes in faster;
Lest you be Hang'd for fumbling *John*,
and I be made your Master.

JACK.

O peace good *Nick*,
A Drunken trick,
but made well for the *Saints* tho';
For they each drop,
Of *Blood* lick't up,
and scrap'd the Scaffold also:
To make the factious fools believe,
a *Traitor* dy'd a *Martyr*;
But now the *Whigs* to undeceive,
he dy'd more like a *Tartar*.

NICK.

The worst I find,
Yet stays behind,
and hates to hang in order;
His Grace and Peers,
In Towns or Shires,
or sculks upon the Borders:
Argile, and *Meluin*, *Ferguson*,
and *Rumbold* the blind *Malster*:
Nelthorp *Elby*, *Cocheran*,
are all run from the *Halter*.

JACK.

Chesteeres and *Lobb's*,
Two Whigish scabs,
they preached nought but *Treason*,
At th' end o'th' Farce,
Now hangs an Arse,
at groaning *Tyburns* Reason:
The roaring Bull throws by his Gown,
and wipes his greasie Whiskers:
While Mother *Criswel* rubs him down,
and claps him 'twixt two Sisters.

NICK.

Both *Gibs* and *Row*
And *Norton* too,
are run to save their Bacon;
Would I were drunk,
With my sweet Punk,
were they but hang'd or taken:
Charlton of the old Rump,
and *Treason* still promoting,
He's come to town both *Legg* and *Stump*,
we'l spoyl his art of Voring.

NICK.

By Heavens *Iack*,
Of all the pack,
he's like to bring us *Cole* boy,
For all his gang,
He'l Peach and Hang,
to keep out of the Hole boy:
He'l send for's party bundel'd up,
like loads of *Kentish* Faggots,
Then with the Hatchet and the Rope,
we'l spoil their Fiery Maggots.

JACK.

If this Trade hold,
We'l want no Gold,
old *Stumps* their chief Pay Master;
Of Every Rogue,
And Treacherous Dog,
that sought the Kings Disaster:
Five hundred pound I'll have at least,
if e're I take a Prentice,
Come let's go drink, our Trade's the best
we'l make 'um know what *Hemp* is.